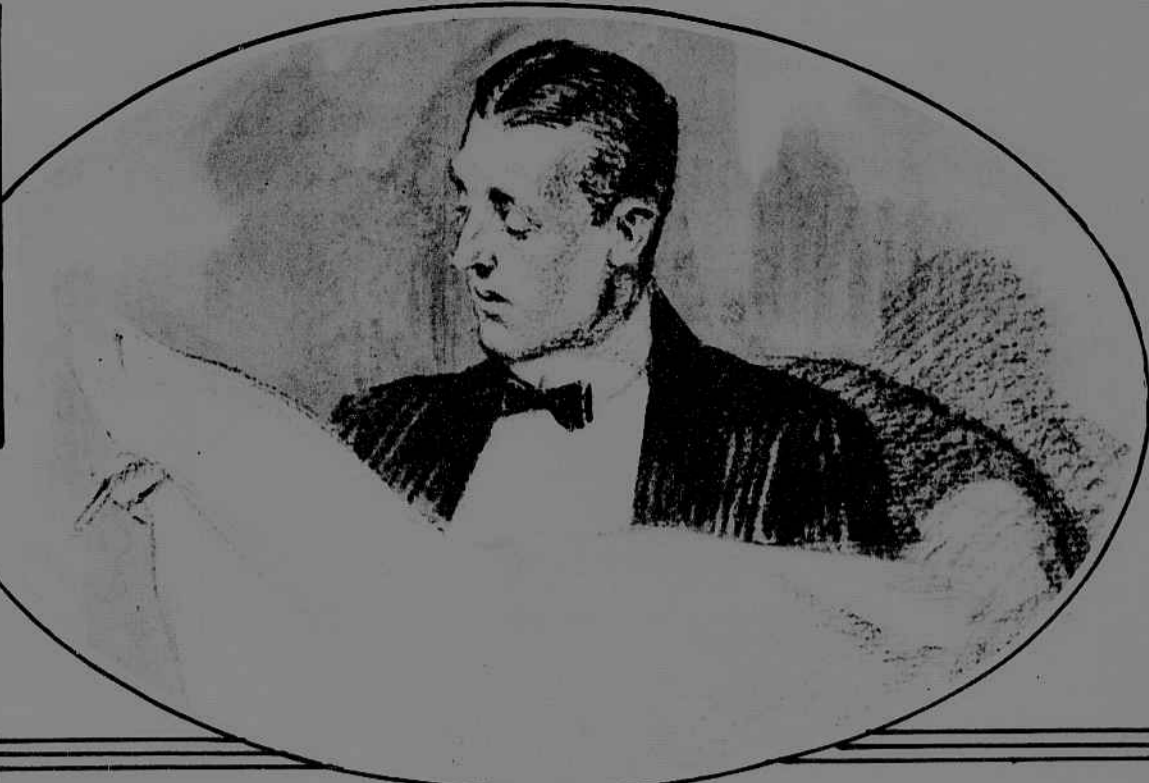




# Among Us Mortals Summer in the City

By W. E. Hill  
Copyright, 1921, N. Y. Tribune, Inc.



No one in town. Absolutely no one! Gerald is marooned in town for the week end. Can't find a soul to go to the Follies with him.



Archie is being taken around to see the sights. At present he doesn't want to see another big building, museum or picture gallery—all he wants is to get back to Gaylordsville. Archie and two friends have been digging a hole in the backyard. It's to be an underground club-room, and Archie is in a hurry to see how things are coming.



The summer school student. Miss Barnett is brushing up on a few little things like algebra and plane geometry. The Board of Education is going to advance Miss Barnett a couple of classes in the curriculum this fall.

Meet M. Glassman, buyer for Glassman & Gluey, Inc., London, Paris and Flint, Mich., specialists de luxe for gents' furnishings. Mr. Glassman is looking over the clothing situation. It's a toss up, says Mr. Glassman, whether tripe gray or liver red will be the prevailing fall color.



Right—Mrs. Fred Grieve is on with her lesser half for the wholesale fish and poultry dealers' convention. And such a good time they are having! Mrs. Grieve has spent the morning going through the National Biscuit Company's plant and the afternoon at the Strand. And to-morrow they are going on a sightseeing bus out to the Woodbine Cemetery, with stop-offs at the Art Museum and the Workhouse. "You can't tell me the East isn't hospitable," postcards Mrs. G. back to Wurt, Ind. "There's a sign right in the lobby of our hotel that says 'Welcome Wholesale Fish and Poultry Dealers!'"



The Ford tourists. Mrs. Rackwell doesn't see anything pretty or attractive in the way the city girls get themselves up. And the short skirts! My land! Mr. Rackwell doesn't commit himself except to observe that "there certainly are a lot of dolls in New York."



English people—their first time over—watching the wrong Americans in the wrong hotel